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# THOMAS

Feb.

# ECHO

1909





# THE THOMAS ECHO



Edited by the Pupils of the  
**MISSSES THOMAS' SCHOOL**  
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

*FEBRUARY, 1909*

**J. T. NORRED**  
*Jeweler*

WATCHES AND JEWELRY REPAIRING  
Corner Main and Adams

**J. E. TATE & CO.**  
*Grain Dealers*

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Wheat, Lime, Cement, Brick, Salt. Phone 200

**Missouri Tent and Awning  
Company**

Corner Poplar and Third St.

**E. WITZMANN & CO.**

99 North Second Street

The Big Music House

**A. R. TAYLOR COMPANY**  
*Booksellers, Stationers*

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Clothing, Sporting Goods,*  
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**PHILLIPPI-WISHART CO.**

**GOLDSMITH'S**

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Greatest Store...*

**J. Summerfield's**

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51 and 53 N. Main St. MEMPHIS

**H. W. Williams**  
*LUMBER CO.*

Corner Mill and Main Streets

**HENRY LOEB SHIRT CO.**

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Ladies' Waists.*

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N. W. CHRISTIANSON, Manager

**H. I. Summerfield's**

MEMPHIS' LEADING  
STYLE STORE

Opposite Court Square MEMPHIS, TENN.

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Everything New Styles Exclusive  
Prices Correct

INSPECTION INVITED

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Opposite Porter Building.

***Hamner-Ballard***  
**DRUGS**

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**Bluff City Laundry**

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-GO TO-

**Memphis Paint & Glass Co.**

Edward S. Lowe, Sec'y & Treas.

**A. D. Gibson & Sons**  
*FURNITURE*

Corner Main and Gayoso Streets.

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investigate the Educational Policy of

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OF NEW YORK.

300 Memphis Trust Building MEMPHIS, TENN.  
S. B. LOVE, Manager

# THE THOMAS ECHO

VOL. II

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, FEBRUARY, 1909

No. 2

## THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

You have heard of choirs of angels  
That sing in the heavenly spheres,  
But the music that they sing to  
Is too fine for human ears.

'Tis caused by the planets rotating  
Around the glorious sun.  
But we do not hear this music  
Till our journey on earth is done.

This sweet ethereal music,  
Which no mortal ever hears,  
Was called by the ancient Pythagoras,  
The "Music of the Spheres."

It is soft as the zephyrs of morning,  
And light as the driven snow;  
But the journey it has to travel  
Is rough, and far to go.

Yet it reaches the singing angels,  
All the sweeter for its flight;  
And travels on silvery moonbeams,  
Through the starry realms of night.

*Louise J. Halle.*

## One Day In Hades

ACT I.

SCENE I.—XANTHIPPE'S HOUSE.

Socrates—My dear Xan, please sew—

Xanthippe—What! you old bald head, sew on one of your suspender buttons again? Never! I tell thee I am a convert of Susan B. Anthony. I am for woman's rights. No more slavery!

Socrates—Dear, dearer, dearest Xanthippe, it is not a button, but a tear that I would fain have you mend.

Xanthippe—So! this explains why you were out so late last night. Tear indeed!

Socrates—Now, my dear, I got this rent while struggling in the crowd trying to vote for Bryan.

Xanthippe—There was no hurry—any old time would do for that. 'Tis no excuse for your tearing your clothes. I refuse, refuse! That is final.

(Enter Henry VIII., Napoleon, Nero, Antony, Caesar, Brutus, Macbeth.)

Henry VIII.—Why, I'm shocked! Man, do you let your wife talk to you this way! None of mine ever did so twice.

Socrates—Softly, softly (in a quavering tone: Xanthippe leaves soon in

high dudgeon. Socrates at once puts on much bravado). You never married Xanthippe.

Henry VIII. (laughing)—And they call you a wise man. Why, friend, she has red hair. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

Socrates (mournfully)—Don't rub it in, old man.

Napoleon—Let us to business. See, we are all appearing like scarecrows. Why, Pink Whiskers would be ashamed to be seen in such tatters. Never again will I assist in helping to establish a republic in Hades.

Antony—This is the question: How can we get our clothes sewed up without our wives knowing it?

Socrates (innocently)—Why, Xanthippe. Yes, I confess it, I had to tell Xanthippe.

Nero—Haw, haw, such a blundering old idiot that you are! What can she know about politics and its ways?

Socrates (with triumph and undue pride)—You don't know Xanthippe. Why, man, she is thinking right now of going in for a public life. If she had her way, Bryan would be out of a job and she would be the president of Hades.

Macbeth—And Hades would have a very appropriate representative—a red-headed fury.

Napoleon—I have it. Let Socrates steal Cleopatra's Needle. We will do our own darning.

Socrates (violently)—No, why, I'm no thief. Take the risk yourself. I have a wife to take care of.

Napoleon (shaking with laughter)—Take care of Xanthippe! What a joke! But that's no argument. I have two to take care of. (Socrates is the only one who fails to see joke.) But I will undertake it to save Xanthippe's tears, haw, haw!

*Exeunt all.*

#### SCENE II.—SAME.

In the Afternoon.

(Enter Xanthippe, Cassandra, Cleopatra, Josephine, Dido, Delilah, Portia, Queen Elizabeth, Marie Antoinette, Lady Macbeth, Venus.)

Xanthippe—Now, the time for deciding has arrived. I have given my old man a piece of my mind—much he needed it. Are we to be slaves any longer!

Chorus—No, no!

Xanthippe—Well, remember, the first thing our husbands say to us that sounds like a command—then defiance!

Chorus—Yes, Yes.

Cassandra—But trouble is brewing. I feel it in the air.

Josephine—Nonsense, Cassandra; Napoleon is as tender as ever (with a satisfied look at herself in the mirror).

Venus (aside to Dido)—There is no accounting for men's tastes. (Both snicker.)

Xanthippe—You silly creatures! Back to our subject. Why is it that you are always trying to toady to your husbands, and praise them, and try to look pretty for them? Now, I never do that. At least, you cannot accuse me of ever flattering my old Socrates (suppressed snicker from all, even Lady Macbeth).

Delilah—That we can't.

Cleopatra—I am going to a sewing society tomorrow, where I intend to finish some dresses that I am making for the Wiggles.

(Noise outside.)

Lovey Mary (rushing in)—Oh, Miss Cleo; I seen him when he done it. He done took your Cleopatra's Needle.

Cleopatra (much agitated)—Who? girl, quick!

Lovey Mary—That Bonerparte man.

Xanthippe—Women, our chance. We have been wronged. Revenge! *Exeunt all, running.*

#### SCENE III.—A STREET IN HADES.

(Bryan on a platform with Antony. Crowd of citizens, among whom are Henry VIII, Napoleon, Nero, Brutus, Caesar, Macbeth, Leon, Happy, "Thoirs-day.")

Citizens—Speech, speech! We'll hear Bryan speak!

(An uproar down the street.)

Socrates—Well, I'll be John Brown, if I didn't get a gleam of Xanthippe's hair. See! There she is in the lead.

Henry VIII.—You needn't point her out. She has a headlight that would outshine the sun.

Brutus—Cleopatra is angry, very angry.

Napoleon—There goes one of Josephine's puffs (with a sigh). They are awful expensive.

Leon—Not a Merry Widow in the lot! I wish I was back in dear old Patee.

Happy—Am I dreaming? Is dis me?

"Thoirsday" (dancing and pointing at Xanthippe)—C-A-T—Cat!

Socrates—Softly, softly; kid.

(The crowd of women burst upon them.)

Xanthippe (seizing Napoleon by the collar)—Come, to the court with him! (He is dragged off, the rest following.)

*Exeunt all.*

#### SCENE IV.—COURT ROOM.

(Portia in judge's seat. Xanthippe is the lawyer against; Antony the lawyer for Napoleon. Women take seats in jury. Men are open-mouthed onlookers.)

Portia—State the offense.

Cleopatra—My needle was stolen by this valet, this son of a poor lawyer; this Corsican, this little— (Stops for want of breath.)

Antony (in a voice like thunder)—Hold! I claim an alibi.

Diogenes (in the silence, enters with famous tub, which needs repairing, and still more famous lantern. Sets his tub down, curls up on it and surveys company)—Humph, this motly group looks better in the dark. (Puts out lantern and goes to sleep.)

Xanthippe (going up to Napoleon and taking object in question out of his lapel)—Ha! Deny it now, if you can, my little general! (Flourishes the needle before all.)

Napoleon—Not guilty.

Xanthippe—Thou prevaricatest!

"Thoirsday" (pointing at Xanthippe)—L-e-m-o-n—Xanthippe.

Xanthippe—Do you hear that, my sisters in sorrow! Out of Hades with the whole Hooligan crowd! (Wild rush of women toward Leon, Happy and Thoirsday. They are kicked out. Men follow wondering. Bryan and the snoring Diogenes alone remain.)

Bryan (shaking Diogenes)—Wake! 'tis no time to sleep when the women are in revolt!

Diogenes (wakes with a start, looks at Bryan and with fingers trembling with excitement, lights his lantern. A smile steals over his face)—Ah! at last an honest man!

*Curtain.*

*Julia Crawford.*



## THE BLUE AND THE WHITE.

TUNE—"Mush, Mush"  
(Dedicated to M. T. S.)

1.

O 'twas there we learned spelling and grammar,  
At Thomas where we went to school;  
And 'twas there that we got those demerits  
For acting contrary to rule.

CHORUS.

Sing T-h-o-m-a-s—Thomas!  
Sing rah! rah! rah! She is all right!  
We'll be loyal and stand by our colors;  
For we're proud of the Blue and the White.

2.

The record of Thomas is famous,  
So we study and work with a will;  
And we're sure to win honor and glory,  
When we've scaled education's steep hill.

3.

Our athletics we try to make worthy  
Of the school that's our boast and our pride;  
And we'll work 'till there is no team better  
Than ours for miles far and wide.

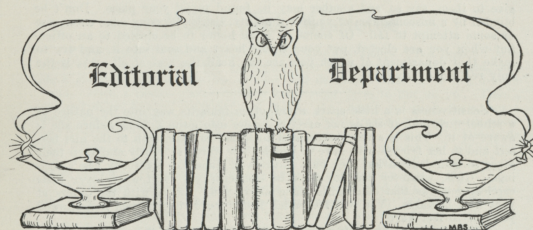
4.

O we'll always be true to old Thomas,  
And always we'll sing to her praise;  
And when we have left her dear portals,  
With joy we'll recall our school days.

CHORUS.

Sing T-h-o-m-a-s—Thomas!  
Sing rah! rah! rah! She is all right!  
We'll be loyal and stand by our colors;  
For we're proud of the Blue and the White.

K. C. L.



## EDITORIAL STAFF

## EDITORIAL STAFF.

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF {	KATE C. LUCAS
	RUTH BROOKS
PERSONAL EDITORS {	MAMIE LUCAS
	LOULA JONES
ATHLETIC EDITOR.....	HELEN BOSLER
EXCHANGE EDITOR.....	JULIA CRAWFORD
PRINTING MANAGER.....	LOUISE BOSLER
SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER.....	HANNAH FRANK
ADVERTISING MANAGERS {	ALICE CULPEPPER
	FRANCIS TAYLOR

Rates, 75 Cents a Year; 15 Cents a Copy.

"Whatever you do, do with all your might;  
Things done by halves are never done right."

How true are these few words! And how little are they borne in mind when we are doing things halfway instead of doing them "with all our might." No matter how trivial the duty, or how unimportant it is, if it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing right.

The lessons that are half learned; the compositions half written; the promises half fulfilled; the duties of officers half attended to, are examples of this "shrinking" seen in school life. If a lesson is worth learning, or a composition worth writing at all, they should be done well, for we would not have been assigned them, unless some good would be the result. Therefore, the more perfect the lesson, or the better written the composition, the more good we will derive from them.

One thing that shows the character of a girl more than anything else is the way she fills the offices to which she has been elected. If she performs the duties honestly, faithfully, and energetically, these prove her to be a girl of strong and independent character!

Girls, don't shirk these duties. The others have placed implicit confidence in you and don't let them find that their trust has been misplaced. If these duties are too hard to attend to, and you find that you have not the time to

give to them, say so, and another may be found to fill your place. Don't be blinded by a misconception of your own ability, thereby causing some enterprise or some attempt to fail. Of course, it is an honor to be elected to an office, but when you are elected, put your whole heart and soul into it, and try to make that department of which you are the head the best of all—this is the only real honor involved.

Sensitiveness is a little spark which often finds its way into the nature of a school girl, and, if she is not careful, grows into quite a flame before she is aware of it. This is a very unpleasant little fire to have, both to the girl herself and to her friends, who have to watch their words so closely and keep their jokes so bound down lest they hurt Laura's or Jane's or somebody else's feelings. Girls, whatever you do, don't be oversensitive; don't worry over little careless remarks that other girls make about you. Laugh with the others at your own mistakes. You will feel much better for it than if you had allowed yourself to fret hurt.

While on this subject, there is one thing to say to the other class of girls—the joking, laughing ones—who rarely worry themselves, and think others should never do so. You girls, try not to hurt others' feelings. If you know something about another girl, which, if told, would embarrass her very much, or perhaps wound her pride, keep it to yourself. It does no one good to hear it, and it may make a great difference to the girl herself. Just put yourself in her place, and remember the Golden Rule.

The Echo needs money. The advertisements and subscriptions are not enough to support it till June. To meet this delinquency in finances, an Easter Bazaar will be held, to which all the girls are begged to contribute—from the highest senior to the smallest primary. Bring something; a collar, a tie, candy—anything is welcome. For further information, ask any member of the staff.

It will doubtless be noticed that a change has been made in the editorial staff of the Echo. The resignation of Miss Beatrice Garrison, an advertising manager, was accepted, and Miss Alice Culpepper was appointed to fill her place. Miss Culpepper's former position of subscription manager is now filled by Miss Hannah Frank.



## Holly and Mistletoe

"Well, honey," said Mammy, to little Dorothy James, "It's time yo' wuz gittin' ready for dinnaah. Yo' ma's gwine ter hab some comp'ny tonight, and she's gwine to let yo' stay up an' eat wid de grown folks in de big dinnaah room. Now, I declar' chile; I don't know what dress to put on yo'. Here's yo' red dress, but yo' wore dat last night. An' here's yo' pink dress, but I don't want yo' to hab pink on tonight, kase thar's gwine to be so much holly and mistletoe, wid red ribbon, dat it will look queer. Dar now! Dis is de ve'y dress yo' can wear. Dis lit'le white un, wid de low neck an' all de lace. An' I tell yo' what I do, I'll tie yo' red sash round yo' lit'le waist, an' dat white ribbon on yo' eurls, an' yo' can wear yo' grandma's corals."

"All right, Mammy, but I thought those corals used to belong to mother. She gave them to me in my stockings Christmas mornin'," answered Dorothy.

"Sho' she did, honey; but didn't her ma give 'em to her? Oh, I'll neber forgit de time when yo' grandpa gib 'em to Miss Virginia, yo' grandma. It was Christmas night, an' ole Miss was habin' a ball fer Miss Virginia; lit'le Miss, we called her den, an' a better lit'le Miss yo' couldn't find in all Georgia.

"I wuz only a lit'le gal den, but ole Miss kep' me in de house to find her specs, an' to take messages for her. Mars Singleton, yo' grandpa, wuz thar, an' he sho' did look han'some. His hair wuz dark brown, an' his eyes wuz brown, an' jes' as bright when lit'le Miss wuz wid him. But lit'le Miss tuk de cake dat night, an'—"

"Oh, Mammy! They didn't have a cake walk, did they?" cried horrified little Dorothy.

"Gracious, no, honey! I jes' ment she wuz de prettiest one thar. She wuz 'dressed in a fluffy white dress, an' her grandma's di'mond necklace shinin' on her pretty neck. She had a big bunch of red roses dat Mars Singleton had sent her from de florist's. Her hair wuz pahted in de middle, an' done high on her haid, 'ceptin for de curl dat hung on her shoulder. A rose wuz tucked in her back hair so nice dat it looked like it grewed thar.

"I got sleepy arter a while, an' I went in a lit'le outer room, near the ball room, an' sat down behin' a big cheer, next to a corner, an' near a sofa. I knowed I oughtn't to do it, an' dat I would get a good whipping if my mammy found me thar. I wanted to listen to de music, so I risked bein' caught. Well, I had jes' got settled, when I heered somebody comin' in. I was so skeered I didn't know whut to do. I peeped out, and saw it wuz lit'le Miss an' Mars Singleton. She was laughin' an' talkin' an' they come right over an' sot down on de sofa. Honey, yo' ole Mammy wuz skeered to death!

"They sot down, an' he said son 'in' an' she laughed. Then both of 'em wuz quiet for a time. Then Mars Singleton said, 'Virginia, all de time I wuz on de seas, near Asia and Africa, I wuz plannin' de good time we could hab when I got back. While I wuz in de Phillippine Islands I saw some ve'y pretty coral. I got a large picee an' tuk it to an ole coral carver, an' got him to make a necklace an' bracelet for yo', an' out of the same picee he made me a pair of euff buttons. Here is de bracelet an' necklace, an' a merry Christmas wid dem. I remembered how yo' loved coral when we used to go to pahrties together."

"Lit'le Miss had been knowin' Mars Singleton fer a long time, an' she didn't see no harm in acceptin' 'em. 'Oh, Diek!' she said, 'dey are beautiful! Der wuz de ve'y words she said, an' both of 'em laughed. She put de bracelet on, an' clasped de necklace round her neck. Dey come a lit'le below de dimonds, an' looked mighty pretty. 'Oh, Virginia!' said Mars Singleton, 'dey look jes' like holly an' mistletoe.'

"Dey wuz standin' up den, an' wuz under de chandelier, whar mistletoe



wuz hangin'. All of a sudden he looked up an' said, 'Oh, yes; de mistletoe's Christmas present to fortunate young men like me.'

"Lit'le Miss saw him look up an' moved back, but he caught her hands an' kissed her red lips. Lit'le Miss turned ve'y rosy, but den she say, 'Thar ain't many mo' years yo' can do that, fur I wuz seventeen last summer. Dis time next year I will be grown. Jest think of it, Richard Singleton! I will be a grown young lady!'

"Jest den de strains of 'Zip Coon' come frum de ball room, an' dey went to jine de Virginia reel. I creeped out an' ran to de kitchin, whar I got scolded fur runnin' away.

"Mars Singleton stayed dar about a week, an' when he lef' it wuz whispered among de servants dat he wuz gwine to marry lit'le Miss. An' nex' year he come back an' mahried her on Christmas night.

"Well, honey, yo' are dressed now," said Mamma, looking at Dorothy admiringly. "Run to yo' ma's room an' tell her dat's de way she looked when I dressed her for her first Christmas pahtry."

Mamie T. Lucas.

### APPLIED QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE'S JULIUS CAESAR.

Ruth: "I have a man's mind but a woman's might."

Alice: "Ah, me, how weak a thing the heart of woman is!"

Julia: "O, he sits high in all the people's hearts!  
And that which would appear offense in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
Will change to virtue and to worthiness."

Beatrice: "Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,  
That he is grown so great?"

The Basket Ball Girls: "Then I, and you, and all of us fell down."

### A SONNET TO THE STUDIOUS.

(To the tune of "Everybody Works But Father.")

Everybody sleeps but Thomas girls—  
They sit up most all night,  
Studying Latin, French and Greek,  
Regardless of the light.

Papa pays the tuition bills,  
Matinee tickets, too;  
But, oh, my goodness! how he kicks  
When the 'luminating bill is due.

(By one who has had experience in such.)

## The Primary Gazette

### Examination Grades



Best Writing—Eleanor Olson	94
Best Reading—Eleanor Olson	95
Best Language—Arthur Gibson	93 1/2
Best Arithmetic—Arthur Gibson	96 3/4
Best Spelling—Leila Wade	100
Best Geography—Boyd Wade	88 1/2
Best Literature—Eleanor Olson	97 1/2

#### BEST AVERAGE:

1. Eleanor Olson	93.5
2. Leila Wade	92

Miss M.—Arthur, name the five senses.

Arthur G. (writing)—He has five cents, I have sense, he was sent. I don't know any more.

Louise B.—Miss Q., is "liprache" period up?

Miss M.—Alexina, make a sentence containing a series of pronouns.  
Zena—I, him and she went up town.

A. G. says Longfellow was born in 1887.  
Arthur, didn't you think that a white-haired old man is more than twenty-two years old?

Miss Q.—Boyd, with what do you serve soup from the tureen?  
Boyd—A dipper.  
George—Oh! I know, Miss Q.—a sieve.

According to Phebe, the Indians named the winds, North, South, East and West.

Miss Q.—Irene, this (ē) is a short e because it wears a little George Washington hat, and this (ē) is a long e because it wears a long, wide hat, and—  
Irene—Oh, yes, Miss Quarles, I know—it's a "Merry Widow." Mamma has one.

Louise B. (to little Margaret C., whom she has taken under her wing)—



That's right, Margaret, hun, go ahead and say your three times table, now. I'll hear it while Miss Quarles is out of the room.

We didn't know that Louise had been promoted to the office of assistant primary teacher.

Miss Thomas spoiled a valentine plan of Miss Quarles' and the primaries by treating herself to a new bell a few days too soon.

We enjoyed so much the letter from Miss Laey, who was our teacher last year.

## How A Little Boy Saved A Train

Once upon a time there was an earthquake. A railroad train was passing through that city. There were times that the whole train shook. The engineer had to run the train very slowly.

When they were out of the district of the earthquake, they found they were two hours late. They had to be at the switch at midnight, or have a collision with Number 13. Number 13 was larger than this engine. They couldn't make it by midnight, so they decided to turn back and wait till Number 13 passed. So they slowly went backward. As they neared the bridge, they saw smoke coming from under it. Then they saw a red flag and stopped. Then they heard a cry of "the bridge is on fire!" They must make the switch or stay here. No, they couldn't do that. We will have to make the switch. So they started off at full speed.

Right at the switch both the engineers had to make a curve around the hill. This kept them from seeing one another. When these engines neared the curve it was half-past twelve o'clock. As they swung the curve neither engineer knew that a collision was waiting for him. Right at the end of the hill, hanging on a peg, was a red sweater, hung by a little boy. But the engineer saw the sweater and stopped. The little boy had saved the train!

One man took off his hat and passed it through the train for a collection for the boy. Then he gave it to the boy who had saved the train.

*Arthur D. Gibson (2d grade).*

## A Valentine Story

Once there was a little selfish boy. Just the day before Valentine Day he went down town to get some pretty valentines and some funny ones. His little sister was always generous, and everybody loved her. When she got home she said: "I am going to give all of my valentines to some poor little children."

The boy said: "I am going to keep mine, so I will have a whole lot of them when people send me some."

When Valentine Day came he didn't get a thing, but his sister got a whole lot. Then his sister said: "I will give you half of them, brother."

He said: "I don't want any of them." He said: "Next Valentine's Day I will give all of my valentines to poor people."

Next Valentine he gave all of his away and got a whole lot of valentines by being kind and generous.

*Leila R. Wade,  
Second Grade.*

## Local Notes

We welcome Louise Griffin as a new member of the boarding department; also Frances and Marion Crofton, two new day pupils.

Mrs. Demmon, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, the mother of our popular French and German instructor, Miss Eleanor Demmon, is spending a few months at the Home place, adjoining the school.

Louise and Helen Bosler were wearing bright faces last week. Their mother made them a short visit just when examinations were pressing hard upon them.

Alice Culpepper has not missed a word in spelling since September! What did she get for it? A silver filagree perfume bottle, which excited much envy.

Jeanette Pracht, one of the boarding pupils, we are sorry to say, was called home on account of the illness of her father.

Louise and Helen Bosler spent the week-end, Feb. 6, 7 and 8, with Ruth Brooks.

## Echoes From the Class Room

Miss Skinner: "What is the syntax of this word?" (Referring to a hendiadys.)

J. C.: "Wait just a minute; it's something funny. Oh, yes, I know—a dying hen et us."

Julia: "Did you know H. C. eloped?"

Kate: "Why, who did she elope with?"

Julia: "A man, of course."

Chorus: "If it had been anybody but a man!"

Pupil, in French Class: "He tossed his eyes at his feet." A pity he didn't have something else handy.

Clara: "Congress proposed the Thirteenth Commandment to the Constitution."

Class: "Tee-hee."

Clara: "Oh, yes, there are only ten."

B. G. says that Romulus was transformed into heaven. Alas, poor Romulus!

Bright Pupil: "Oh, my head aches from my feet on up."

The hipless fashion:

First Basketball Player: "Oh, I've knocked my hip out of place."

Second Player: "What do you care? Knock the other one out, and

you will be stylish."

Catherine (in French): "Some ships, with the sailors spread out, were seen ascending the river on one side."

Marvelous! Marvelous!

Miss Thomas: "Clara, what is 'squat sovereignty'?"

Clara: "It means that in the territories people can have as much land as they can sit on."

Lidie says her father has a mushroom pipe. He must have some **Brownie** friends.

Miss Skinner: "He saw those ablative absolutes at a distance."

B. G. (Caesar Class): "The town was terribly mortified by nature."  
How shocking!

Loula, studying for a spelling match, was interrupted by a girl asking her if she wanted a bite of her chicken sandwich.

"Oh, no, thank you; I have to study for this chicken match."

Characteristic of Lidie's conversations:

"Who—she—say—what?"

Catherine says that the man had a book with a **boundary** on it.

Lidie: "Oh, Mary, you've got all of my blotters. **Please** give me **one**."

Miss Thomas: "What are the Georgies?"

Ramelle: "Georgies are people who live in Georgia."

Alice: "Oh, pshaw! That seed had only four apples in it."  
What's the trouble, Alice?

Somebody pity Helen. She has four Latin examples to work.

Miss T.: "Can you use *liquidate* in a sentence?"

M. L.: "Yes, I think so: Ice *liquidates*."

Frances: "The man came down in a parasite."  
More likely he came down *with* it.

Sue's definition for **isotherms**; "Large masses of ice."

Don't you think it would be charitable if the *Union Depot* were played again for the benefit of the real *Union Depot*?

## TWENTIETH CENTURY DICTIONARY

(By a Few Bright Thomas Girls.)

Olfactory organ: Hand organ.—L. B.

Pugilistic carnival: A street fair; a flower parade.—M. A.

Lacteal combine: Tears.—B. G. Milk.—R. B.

Piscatorial sport: Dancing.—M. A.

## FROM THE EXAMINATIONS

What is the meaning of "tainted gale" in—

"A moment gazed adown the dale,

A moment sniffed the tainted gale?"

Answer—A gale is a Highlander, and a "tainted gale" is a Highlander who is not honest.

What was Rhoderick Dhu's coat of arms?

Answer—Rhoderick Dhu's coat of arms was a blue steel breastwork to protect his chest.

Name a President who was a hero and the wars in which he was engaged?

Imogene—Andrew Jackson was an Indian war hero. He also fought in the Revolutionary War, and was at Valley Forge.

The similarity of foreign words is quite confusing, as well as amusing, to pupils in the beginning classes. On the last examination, a pupil confused the German word for Switzerland (Schwiss) and the word for perspiration (—), hence the German sentence read: "The lakes of perspiration are the most beautiful in the world."

## Exchanges

We have received the Blue and Bronze. The story, "Mammoth Cave Trip," is well written throughout. The Blue and Bronze is a good publication, but why so critical of other papers?

The Student, Detroit Central High School, is one of our best exchanges. We admire the regularity with which the paper is published, and the good form in which the paper is gotten up shows a good deal of school spirit. "The Railroad Romance" is an especially good story.

We are in receipt of the December and January issues of the Higbee Magazine. "The Real Diary of a Higbee Girl" is a very interesting and characteristic sketch.

The stories in both the January and February issues of the University School Topics are all good. The athletics editor is doing splendid work. A good store of school spirit seems to animate the entire paper.



## JOKES

A schoolgirl was required to write an essay of two hundred and fifty words about a motor car. She submitted the following:

"My uncle bought a motor car. He was riding in the country when it busted up a hill. I guess that is about fifty words. The other two hundred are what my uncle said when he was walking back to town, but they are not fit for publication."

## ON THE LAST DAY

Gabriel—"I've blown my trumpet three times, and nobody pays any attention to it."

Israfel—"That's strange."

Gabriel—"Isn't it? People just make a hasty jump for the curbstone, and then look to see which way the auto went."

"What's the latest train on the Swamphurst road?"

"That's hard to say. They are all late; but they vary so in their lateness."

## BASEBALLICIZED

"Albert," said the editor of the Bugle to the Baseball Reporter, "I see that the Rev. Van Deusen married Jud Hicks to Susy Philbrick this morning. Write up a couple of lines about it."

Fifteen minutes later the Baseball Reporter, red-faced and perspiring, turned in the following:

"A tie game was put up this A. M., by the Rev. Van Deusen, who assisted a double play—Philbrick to Hicks. The game was called at 10:15, and none of the decisions were disputed. Mr. Hicks' batting average, which has been tolerably high in the past, will doubtless be lowered considerably, though, from reliable reports, the young couple expect to make a home run in the near future."

"Money is the root of all evil."

"Yes, and it grows best by the grafting process."

Landlord—"How do you find the steak, Doctor?"

Guest—"H'm! By hunting carefully all over my plate."

Jane—"Frank turned up an hour later."

May—"What did you do?"

Jane—"Just turned him down."

"Say, what do you think of these end-of-the-world predictions?"

"They are no good. Never knew one of them to come true in my life."

## A BALLAD OF VEGETABLES

A Potato went out on a mash,

And sought an Onion bed.

"That's pie for me," observed the Squash,

And all the Beets turned red.

"Go away!" the Onion, weeping, cried;

"Your love I cannot be;

The Pumpkin be your lawful bride—

You Canteloupe with me."

But onward still the Tuber came,

And lay down at her feet.

"You Cauliflower by any name,

And it will smell as Wheat;

And I, too, am an early rose,

And you I've come to see.

So don't Turnip up your lovely nose,

But Spinachat with me."

"I do not Carrot all to wed,

So go, sir, if you please,"

The modest Onion meekly said,

"And Lettuce, pray, have Peas.

Go, think that you have never seen

Myself or smelled my sigh;

Too long a maiden I have been

For favors in your eye."

"Ah, spare-a-cuss," the Tuber prayed,

"My Cherry-shed bride you'll be;

You are the only weeping maid

That's currant now with me."

And as the wily Tuber spoke

He caught her by surprise,

And, giving her an Artichoke,

Devoured her with his eyes.

